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VOL. XV.

No. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens gratia manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Castabunt SORORES, unusquisque PATER."

AUGUST, 1850.

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THE
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AUGUST, 1850.

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The Avenger.

No land can be more fertile in subjects for romance, than our own New England. For its scenery as lovely and varied as the imagination can desire—its primitive race, a strange anomaly in the history of mankind, and those heart-rending scenes in which the lovely and delicate, as well as the strong and daring, were obliged to participate, form a rare combination of material for tales of thrilling interest.

Every settlement of the Puritans was established by blood, and every new advance was consecrated by the sacrifice of the lovely or gifted. Every village was blessed with a house of worship, but this was provided with weapons against the dark spirits of this world, as well of that to come. Even nature seemed to conspire the destruction of the wanderers, for the cold blasts of winter chilled in death many a delicate form, and the pestilence wrested away the life of the vigorous. They lived in a state of equal fear and danger, for the boasted generosity of the Indian, compared with his cunning and cruelty and vindictive hate, was but the brightness of one star amid the blackness of midnight. All could tell from bitter experience, the inhumanity of their relentless foe—all had seen the uplifted tomahawk, and shuddered at the fearful war-whoop. There was scarcely a family which did not mourn the loss of a father or brother, or perhaps even of an innocent prattling child or lovely daughter, for the beauty and gentleness that would thrill the heart, and disarm the hands of an ordinary foe, seemed to have no other effect on the savage than to stimulate his natural taste for blood.

Strange indeed have been the sights that silent rocks and forests alone have witnessed; and could the vail of mystery be drawn aside, which hangs over the fate of many a delicate being borne off to the depths of New England wilds, the startling adventures and heart-rending scenes disclosed, would seem more improbable than any which fiction has ever dared to portray.

The sketch that we now lay before our readers, will give but a faint idea of those terrible times "which tried men's souls," yet our object

will be attained, if it awaken a new sympathy for the trials and failings of the Puritan fathers.

The place which is the scene of our story, was a quiet spot shaded by the forest oak, and blessed with a fertility unusual for New England soil. The neighboring landscape was both wild and beautiful. A slight range of mountains separated into two branches at the northern limit of the valley, and swept completely around it in a broken but graceful curve. A quiet lake near the centre of the dale, mirrored the mountain peaks that in some places shot up in fantastic forms, dark with overhanging vines, and that again arose from the edge of the water, a bare and purple precipice.

Viewed from the highest hills in summer, when the white-washed cottages of the new settlers peered forth from the dense waving foliage, the valley seemed like a ruffled lake dotted with foam, but when the frosts of Autumn tinged alike the leaves of the maple and oak, mingling red and orange with the darker shades of the evergreen, it seemed like the same lake reflecting the sunset clouds, or an expanse of rainbows. The traveler might pass by and leave this lovely spot unnoticed, but if his eye were once caught, his steps would certainly linger. It was truly such a place as the poet or painter would seek, when wishing to indulge in the reveries of fancy. For

"There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy foliage,
In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its lake."

They who daily looked out upon this charming spot, could certainly appreciate all its romance, for their tastes had been formed amid scenes of loveliness, but the bright placid lake, which reflected the pure sky and the lovely landscape, sometimes mirrored the red watch-fires and dusky forms of the Indian, and those hills which seemed to be made for kindly guardians, echoed often the dread notes of the war whoop.

Even in a calm summer evening they wandered not in the forests, but sought a place of security from the unerring arrow, and when the blasts of Autumn swept with a shrill, whistling sound through the mountain passes, cheeks would grow pale, and hands would tremble from fear that it was mingled with the Indian's fearful death-cry.

Yet, there was a few who would brave these dangers and forget awhile their cares, in rambling among the hills, and admiring the lavish beauty of nature. And when at such times, thinking upon the groves of "merry England," they heaved a sigh for its pleasant scenes, remembrance that the dark blue ocean rolled between them and tyranny, would supplant it with a grateful smile.

Among these noble spirits, was one whose exalted qualities of head and heart made him first and chief. A person of rank and influence in his native land, he keenly felt the privations of his forest-home, but with the fortitude of a great mind, manfully bore his own troubles, while he sought to inspirit the desponding, and to avert the dangers which lowered around the infant colony.

A lovely daughter had accompanied him—the fairest of the fragile flowers transplanted in this wilderness. In England the centre of admiring friends, her heart had clung with the greatest fondness to her only parent. In America, with none but him to love, the tendrils of affection were inwoven with his every look and action. They two were reconciled to their life of want and danger, for with themselves, they carried the elements of home and happiness. And as at evening they conversed together, and dwelt upon the pleasures of memory, or as they found new delights in the stores of the cultivated mind and buoyant imagination, the sigh of regret would be banished, and the toils of the day forgotten. If a shade rested on the brow of her father, Alice had but to bring her harp—one of the few mementoes of her English home—and the evil spirit was charmed away.

Often in affectionate communion they would wander into the depths of the forest, unheeding distance and danger, led on by some new beauty of the landscape, or lingering over some natural curiosity, until an indication of the presence of their wily foe would recall their thoughts, and make them hastily retrace their steps. These seasons were, indeed, but bright spots amid much that was darkness and gloom, but the arduous labors and loneliness of the day were borne with a lighter heart, because evening brought a compensation for all, in the sweet interchange of affectionate feeling.

The father was a man of singular strength and daring. He had an eye from which even the Indian would shrink, and often he had awed down the storm of wrath which kindness could not quell. Fear of his vengeance, restrained the savages who daily visited the colony, from many a theft and deed of cruelty, and sometimes his threatening voice and determined mien had struck a panic in their hostile parties.

Alice had much of the courage and spirit of her father, but it was blended with winning gentleness and love. If her father was the guardian genius of the colony, she was its ministering angel. Her light footstep and joyous smile proved as genial as sunlight, to many of those delicate spirits which drooped and faded in this wilderness, and her merry laugh broke upon the soul like long forgotten music, cheering up the child of suffering by its sweetness. As she tripped along the winding paths, each one she met invoked a blessing on her head, for all had felt the sunshine of her smiles, and been delighted with those little plans of happiness by which she loved to surprise her friends. Even the savage was not forgotten in her bounty. Often when he came sick and hungry, she had kindly cared for him, and when taken in some fault, had averted from him the wrath of her parent. And sometimes the soul of the Indian would really seem to be thrilled by her beauty and kindness, though the chord that was struck, was too coarse to vibrate long, or to awaken in the heart the sweet music of affection.

Alice had often pleaded with her father to overlook many of the faults of their savage visitants, and to try the conciliating power of love, but he brought from his native land exalted ideas of justice, and would no more tolerate wrong in the Indian, than in one of his

brethren. He was, however, by no means unkind, for he always coöperated with his daughter in her deeds of charity, and smiled approvingly on all her plans for the red man's improvement. All the Indians regarded him with esteem, though it was mingled with fear, for he shielded them from the passion of the white man, and they remembered it was his daughter who had often smiled upon them and supplied their wants. But at one time the father imprudently chastised a chief for an act of cruelty, and thereafter revenge was sweeter than affection.

At the close of a beautiful summer evening, Alice and her father wandered in pleasant conversation along the border of the lake. Alice was unusually merry and sportive. She would carol some lively song and then clap her hands in glee, as some timid deer started forth at the echo of her voice, or she would bound lightly forward to pluck some beautiful flower, and again drawing close to her father, would point to the placid bosom of the lake, reflecting the lovely image of the clouds tinged by the rays of the setting sun. When they stopped a few moments to rest, she would dwell on the happiness that was yet in store, and catching enthusiasm from the beauty of the scene, would paint the future prospects in such brilliant colors, that while her father smiled and called them airy dreams, he half believed in their reality. She had never before seemed to him so lovely or so dear, as on this evening. And as she tripped gaily ahead to reach first a sort of rocky bower, which was their favorite resort, with her silken brown curls waving in the wind, it recalled to the father's mind the image of another being, who had been the same sylph-like creature in years gone by. The memory once awakened, now called up so many visions of his life, both bright and gloomy, that he stood still, forgetful of all but the past. But his thoughts were abruptly and cruelly brought back to the present, for he heard, at a distance, the faint shriek of his daughter. He needed no stronger impulse to urge him on, for he almost flew to the spot from whence the sound proceeded. There was no trace of her there, and no further sound to guide the father's steps. Yet he rushed wildly forward, and called on her name, beseeching her to answer. He explored every thicket, and examined every trail, cursing at each step his folly in permitting her to wander from his side, amid so many dangers. In a state of distraction he pushed on until darkness closed around his path, and then with a heavy heart but rapid step, turned his course to the village. He had only to mention his loss, and twenty stout hearts beat with a desire for vengeance. He needed not to ask assistance, for every man in the colony was ready to peril his life for the rescue of the favorite maiden. He chose ten of the most strong and active, and waiting only to grasp the trusty rifle, started anew upon his mortal errand.

The dense thicket was familiar to the footsteps of all, for they had often threaded it in pursuit of game, so now with unhesitating speed they passed the border of the lake, and, stopping one moment on the spot from which the girl had been snatched, turned through a rugged opening in the valley, as the most probable course of the savage. It is needless

to say that the father was the foremost of the party. With hasty strides and unwearied strength he forced his way through every obstacle, yet not a word escaped his lips. The same ominous silence extended to the whole party, but the deep heaving of the breast and determined grasp of the rifle, proved that fierce thoughts were active within. It was appalling to see those dusky forms, gliding with noiseless tread through the deep shadow that night had cast upon the forest. They seemed indeed the emissaries of death, bent on fulfilling his mission.

They strained their sight to catch some glimmering of the Indians' watch-fire—they looked for a single wreath of smoke—they listened in breathless silence to hear the slightest rustling, but all was as dark and still as the grave. The quickened eye of the father could not pierce the gloom, nor could his ready ear bring report of the one he had lost.

All now felt that it would be vain to continue the search longer in the darkness of night, for without a single clue to guide them, or the slightest indication that they were near the Indian's trail, morning's light might show that they had wasted their time and strength, by wandering far from the proper course. They therefore waited for the break of day, but the intermediate hours were not spent in sleep, for the fever of excitement coursed their veins, nor did they talk over plans of revenge, for each felt that the flame within needed no fanning, but they sat apart, absorbed in anxiety for the fate of the maiden.

As soon as the morning's light found its way through the gloom of the forest, the anxious father grasped his rifle, and giving a few simple directions in regard to their course, despatched his companions in different directions to search for the enemies' trail. Before it was found the sun had reached the meridian, for, with their usual cunning, the savages had followed the channel of a small rivulet, leaving no trace of their course, except an occasional foot-print on the banks, when the water was too deep or the stream too violent. But this was clue enough for the parent, whose every sense was quickened and excited by the danger of a dearly loved daughter. It shed a faint gleam of hope on his soul, wrought up to an intense anxiety. Yet it was in vain that he tried to believe his daughter's loveliness would shield her from the cruelty of the savage, for he had seen the lovely fall by the stroke of the tomahawk. He tried to flatter himself that her uniform kindness to the Indians would be her safeguard, but why had they rudely torn her from a happy home? He thought upon her merry laugh and that bright sparkle of the eye, which lighted up her face when last she bounded sportively before him; he dwelt upon the fond, confiding look that used to reward him for the toils of the day, and then thought of those lovely eyes dimmed with tears of anguish, and those sweet features convulsed with pain. While thus harrowing up his soul to unspeakable agony, the party came to the place which the night previous had been the Indian's encampment. As it was a favorite spot for the celebration of their unearthly rites, the ground was blackened by many a council-fire, and trodden hard by many a savage dance.

It had often been a dread place for the stout-hearted hunter ; but it was now one of singular horror to the avengers. A blackened and smoking tree near the centre of the encampment, heaped around with embers, indicated that some hapless victim had recently perished in the flames.

An exclamation of alarm arose at once from every mouth. "The savage would not be so heartless!" "Satan himself could not commit such a deed of cruelty!" But the tone of doubt with which their words were uttered, proved that the lips belied the convictions of the heart. Whatever hopes they might have cherished, were soon forever dispelled, by a sight which made the blood run cold. Upon a log, which lay near the middle of the horrid circle, was a hand, pointing with its delicate fingers, in the direction from which they had come. With characteristic cunning and malice, the savages had left this as a proof that their fell malignity had wreaked its vengeance ; and also to indicate, in fiendish derision, that all pursuit was vain.

The whole party stood riveted with horror. A deathly paleness overspread the features of the father—his eyes flashed for a moment, with unearthly wildness ; but not a sound escaped his lips. His grief was too deep and dreadful for consolation. No one offered it ;—but the rest of the party, standing aside—so as not to interrupt the sacred sorrow of the parent—exchanged bitter glances, or bent their eyes upon the ground. When they looked again to the spot where the father had stood, his form was no longer there. They called his name, but the depths of the forest returned no answer—they sought for him in various directions, but not a vestige of him could be found. For two days they waited in that place, but their companion came not ; then sadly returned to the village with their unwelcome tidings.

On the next evening after the party's return, a group was standing within the palisades, speaking, with anxious faces and tearful eyes, about their dreadful misfortune. Another band had just volunteered to search anew for their absent leader ; and many were the speculations, accompanied with a dubious shake of the head, which went around that little circle. But while some were predicting that they should never see him more, the gate of the palisades opened, and he stood before them. A cry of joy was about to hail his appearance, but a single glance at his person repressed every such emotion.

There was in his eye a wild, piercing brightness, that seemed to gaze upon some visionary phantom. His clothes were torn and bloody, and his hands were stained deeply red. Without speaking, he stepped to the centre of the group, and threw upon the ground three right hands, the trophies of vengeance against his mortal foe. A shudder crept over every frame, but astonishment sealed the lips of all. And it was not until he had gazed wildly around the circle, as if seeking some missing countenance, and had turned with hasty steps towards his once loved home, that any found words to address him. But then, in reply to their greeting and affectionate inquiries, he only pointed to the bloody tokens that he had brought.

"He was as one, o'er whom a spell of darkness hath been cast,
His spirit seemed alone to dwell, with horrors that were past."

He now remained several days in the village—the most of the time lost in gloomy abstraction, yet sometimes exhibiting all his usual power and clearness of intellect, though he would never refer, in the most remote degree, to the terrible scenes that he had passed through. In a few days he was again missing, and again he returned with trophies of revenge.

It was in vain that the elders remonstrated with him—that they talked of the sinfulness of revenge—that they warned him against setting so evil an example; he listened, but it was as one who heard them not. Days together he would remain by himself, like a spirit cut off from communion with its fellows, and then he would suddenly seek the depths of the forest, baffling all pursuit, and eluding every means of search. Yet he never failed to return stained with the blood of vengeance. He hesitated not to encounter any odds, for he rushed on with such determined fury and reckless daring, that his presence struck an instant panic in the breasts of his enemies. In secret ambuscade, they had often sought to rid themselves of their untiring foe; but he always escaped the arrows of their most unerring marksmen. They finally believed that he bore a charmed life, and tried only to elude his search. But he would never relinquish his errand, until he found an enemy, and made him his victim. At last, the savages entirely avoided the village, and thus gave the inhabitants a temporary respite, yet the depths of the forest were nearly as insecure to them, from the wrath of their implacable enemy.

As a final resort, they determined to unite the assistance of the gods with their own natural cunning. Their most wily and experienced chief came at night to the house of the Avenger. He climbed the palisades unnoticed, and crept to the door of the dreaded white man. It was partially open, and he could see within, by the flickering blaze of the embers, that fierce look and restless eye. For a few moments he hesitated to encounter the undoubted wrath of his bitter foe; but he feared the name of coward worse than death. So, steeled by recounting to himself his former exploits, he stepped firmly and confidently within. The Avenger turned his eyes at the sound, and when he saw that it was the hated red man, sprang to his feet and clutched his dagger. With unflinching look, and calm, steady voice, the Indian bade him pause, declaring himself a friend. He protested, with that imposing eloquence peculiar to his people, that he had been insulted and wronged by his tribe, and that he burned with desire of revenge. He spoke of a rival chief, who had unfairly wrested away his blood-bought honors, and swore, with words of fearful wrath, that with blood they should be restored. He then declared that there was a meeting of their chiefs for sacrifice, this very night, on that spot which had witnessed the death agonies of the white man's child. Whatever were the Avenger's motives—whether confidence in the Indian's words, or an insane defiance of every danger—he followed, with-

out the slightest hesitation, his savage guide. Over rock, and stream, and through dense thickets, they pursued their rapid and silent course, the white man sometimes in his impetuosity outstripping the swift-footed Indian.

At last they reached the spot, and the chief whispered caution in the ear of his companion. After stationing him behind an oak, which grew close to the scene of their mystic rites, and from which he promised the whole might be viewed in security, the savage stepped to his place within the circle.

There was now presented a scene which it would defy the power of the pencil to depict. A large fire was kindled in the centre, which shot out its hundred forked tongues, or, when the wind swept in violent gusts through the mountain passes, eddied around a red, murky flame, seeming a fit shroud for a lost spirit. The rest of the scene was in keeping with this impression; for the dense, dark shade of the oaks, and the cragged, overhanging rocks, partially lighted by the flickering blaze, together with those dusky forms, magnified by the gloom, and leaping, with doleful cries, about their unholy flame, formed no unfit representation of the infernal world and its inhabitants. At a motion from one who acted as priest in these impious rites, all stood still and listened to his words. With fierce gestures, he told over the wrongs which the white man had inflicted—he recounted the exploits of their fathers—he dwelt upon the fact of their own diminishing numbers, and, rising into a sort of wild and lofty eloquence, threatened the terrible wrath of the gods unless some victim were furnished.

At this signal, four of the stoutest chiefs sprang to the oak, and seized the Avenger, who stood there awaiting his opportunity. With fierce yells they dragged him, notwithstanding his superhuman efforts, to the middle of the circle. All crowded around with savage gestures, and the priest, clutching his victim, commanded them to strike.

A violent gust of wind at that moment scattered the embers, and extinguished the flame; but each, sure of his victim, struck in the darkness, a mortal blow. The warm blood gushed forth, and a body fell heavily to the earth. The savages, confident that they had completed their work, and apprehensive of some undefined evil, scattered, with yells of exultation, into the depths of the forest. But the bolt of death, so surely aimed, had strangely missed its errand; for the Avenger, to his own astonishment, stood alone and uninjured on the place where he had been dragged, while at his feet lay the dark, malignant form of the priest, who had received upon his own bosom the blows intended for another.

For weeks after this event, not an Indian approached the village. A mortal fear had seized them. They would as soon have encountered the spirit of darkness, as that dreaded white man. They even seem to have regarded him as something more than human, for, years after, aged chiefs would tell of a fierce, giant form, as pale as death and as swift as the wind, which came with noiseless step, scattering the red men like Autumn leaves, or chilling them with his icy breath.

In the mean time, the object of their fear remained quietly at home.

He even began to lay aside his gloom, and to become interested in the welfare of the colony. The wildness of his eye became softened, and his fierceness settled into a pensive melancholy. His friends flattered themselves that his anger was appeased, and that now his madness would vanish. But one evening it was mentioned in his presence that several Indians had been seen hovering about the neighboring forest. It was noticed that his eyes flashed for a moment with unusual lustre, yet none knew of the mine of passion which a single word had fired. His previous calmness had been but the lulling of the whirlwind—a respite to accumulate greater fury. In the morning he was missing, and this time he never returned.

* * * * *

Three months afterward, some hunters, who had strayed farther than usual from the village, were seeking a place of shelter for the night. The way was difficult, for high and cragged rocks often crossed their path, and open plains suddenly terminated in dark and dangerous chasms. While passing along the edge of one of these precipices their attention was arrested by what seemed several human forms stretched in death below. Curiosity prompted to a nearer examination. They descended the defile by a circuitous path, but upon reaching the spot, they started back in horror, for there lay the wasting bodies of the Avenger and his victims.

c.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

Faith.

BY JOHN ISAAC IRA ADAMS, BOSTON, MASS.

Now rules, in Paradise, supreme Despair,
And clothes, in sombre folds, the shining air,
While day's few struggling beams the eye-sight blind,
Like midnight tapers, flickering in the wind.
But noon-day is the shade, that inks the skies,
To those black curses, which, like tempests rise
Within the heart, 'till Faith, on outspread wings,
Breaks through the gloom, and with her presence flings,
Amid the scattering clouds of dark Despair,
Eternal Hope.—" Fear not! the woman's hair
Shall bruise the serpent's head, and Death his crown,
Conquered at last, shall at his feet throw down!
Almighty Faith, that opes the folds of even,
And turns man's eyes from Eden lost, to Heaven.
Then changed the pallid cheek to nature's hue,
And Eve's wild eye resumed its quiet blue.

Stopped, on its sunny way, the falling tear,
And ceased the heaving breast and quickened ear.
Then one by one the darkening clouds withdrew,
And the bright sun of Faith, undimmed, shone through,
While on the few, that lingered in the breast,
Hung forth the bow of Hope and Promised Rest.
Young Earth from sorrow woke, and waking smiled,
As starts, from troubled rest, the slumbering child,
Who, frightened oft with ghost and cheerless gleam,
Enraptured wakes to find it all a dream.
While grim Despair, who late did rule alone,
To Faith resigned his sceptre and his throne.

But why came Faith amid the dead of night,
Throwing around man's path eternal light,
Bidding him still hope on, though all was lost,
And smile at Death, though Eden was the cost ?
Or why, unbid, made she her empire in
The former seat and citadel of sin ?
Why painted out, in more than pristine bloom,
The glorious Paradise beyond the tomb ?
Why clothed in rainbows, ills of future years,
And sunshine mingled with our saddest tears ?
Ah, why, but that she thus the cross might show,
And round its form a heavenlier radiance throw,
Teach man the worthlessness of all beside,
And make him strong in Christ, the Crucified ?

Thus, when the Father of the Faithful saw,
In slumbers deep, the curtained sky withdraw,
And heard, from out the midst, a voice command
The son's destruction by the sire's own hand ;
At early dawn he rose, with bleeding heart
But undimmed eye, to act the murderer's part.
Sadly, from day to day, the little train
Moved on in silence o'er the fertile plain ;
Till on the third, at evening's waning close,
Far off, Moriah's sterile mount arose.
Then grew the Patriarch's eye divinely bright,
And looking through the vista long of night,
He saw a heavenly lustre circling round
The mountain, now with clouds and blackness crowned,
While, from the light, the atoning Angel cries,
" I am the truth, the life, the sacrifice !"
So, in the saddest time and heaviest hour,
Can Faith support by her almighty power.

All doubt that erst disturbed the father's breast,
Faith's smiling presence put to endless rest,
With lightened heart, the rugged steep he trod,
In purpose firm, and trusting firm in God.
Nor thought it hard for our Almighty Head
The sacrificed to quicken from the dead;
For well he knew that from his race must spring
Of Earth, the Saviour, and of Heaven, the King.

Thus Israel's leader scorned an earthly fame,
And chose affliction for a monarch's name,
Preferred an exile's life and death of gloom,
To Egypt's throne and pyramidal tomb;
Esteemed the dark reproach his nation wore
Richer than Nilus' wealth or Afric's store,
Nor feared, unarmed, to lead a starving band,
From 'neath a tyrant's proud and powerful hand.
On Faith's strong arm the valiant chieftain leaned,
And heavenly wisdom from her teachings gleaned,
Forgot the power and pomp that mortals prize,
And drew his strength and honor from the skies.

Thus Judah's captives in a far off land,
Unheeding, heard the heathen king's command;
Nor worshiped they, what time the air around
Bounded beneath the burden of sweet sound.
Nor feared the threat of seven times heated flame,
For watchful Faith had hasted to proclaim
That midst the furnace' fire, e'en now there trod
One whose bright form was like the Son of God!
So the old Prophet read the king's decree,
Then, at the open window, bowed the knee;
For well assured was he, Faith's quiet hand
The wrath of kings and lions could command.

Thus, full of Faith, revolving ages rolled,
Till came the day by Prophet tongues foretold,
When, on the earth, should burst that glorious light,
Faith, till this hour, had promised to the sight,
Which millions wished should in their life-time be,
And dying eyes had lingered long to see.
Arrived the hour—and o'er the smiling world
The hand of Peace, her snow-white robe unfurled.
All mortal passions ceased—man knew not why,
But Nature knew—her Mighty God was nigh!
When, in the East, shone forth a new born star,
And shed its infant beams on climes afar,

A herald bright, from rolling sphere to sphere,
 That God, the Christ, should in the flesh appear.
 But why knew they of Eastern lands, the voice,
 Which from it spake and bid the world rejoice ?
 Why followed they the path its lustre led,
 Or thought its glories marked a monarch's bed ?
 How knew He was the last of Judah's line,
 And Heaven and Earth were bowing at His shrine ?
 'Twas Faith that led them, by her hand was flung
 The star that o'er His lowly dwelling hung.
 From off His low estate, she tore disguise,
 And showed the Saviour to their longing eyes.
 Nor wondered they, who came a king to see,
 To find Him dandled on a peasant's knee ;
 Nor disbelieved He was a God, they saw,
 Although His couch was but a manger's straw.
 Mysterious Faith, that through the vail can see,
 And, in to-day, unfold eternity !

Bright years had flown, and registered above
 Eternal tributes to a Saviour's love—
 His filial love, which owned a father's sway,
 And taught the world 'twas Godlike to obey ;
 When Christ, unknown abroad, unpriz'd at home,
 Went forth, o'er Judah's hills and vales, to roam,—
 Breaking, to starving crowds, the bread of Life,
 And hushing, with a word, diseases' strife ;
 'Mid new-made friends, a Prophet, great, unknown,
 And, though hemmed in by throngs, yet still alone.
 'Twas morn, and, round the shores of Galilee,
 The fishers' barks half swung upon the sea,
 And half lay restless in the watery sand,
 Eager to ride the wave and quit the land.
 In one, three peasants sat, whose coarse attire,
 At once, their life proclaimed ; one was a sire,
 With bronzed brow, broad breast, and brawny hand,
 And eye, that told him master of the band.
 One, like the former seemed, but years had not,
 By half the number, fallen to his lot.
 And one was but a youth, whose clear blue eye
 Might challenge, with its tint, th' unclouded sky ;
 Whose flaxen hair, in glossy ringlets hung,
 And o'er whose cheeks a sunset blush was flung ;
 And every line his graceful features bore,
 A lasting smile and sweet expression wore.
 Jesus passed by ; and, as He saw the youth,
 He loved him. For, so much of Heaven and truth,

He, who can, through the face, discern the soul,
Had ne'er before read on the featured scroll.
Amazed, they heard, "Ye sons of Zebedee,
Your sire and nets forsake, and follow me."
Quick, from their hands, the broken meshes fell,
Ere Jesus' voice had ceased the air to swell.
Faith spake; bright grew their eyes, before so dim,—
They saw a God, rose up, and followed Him!

'Twas noon; and the high sun shone fiercely down
Upon a throng, who from the crowded town,
And from the rural hills and valleys green,
Had, since the morning, gathered. They had seen
The miracles that Jesus did, and brought
Hither their friends, that healing might be wrought.
Now stood they, on the strand of Galilee,
And, crowding, pressed upon the very sea,
As though its waves were holy, since they bore
The Prophet's tiny bark, which, from the shore,
Seemed like a speck between the earth and sky,
Or like a passing mote before the eye.
And one was there, whom half a score of years
Had firmly bound to want, disease, and tears,
Who, as the people cried, " 'Tis He, 'tis He!"
Desired alone, that Jesus passing, she
Might touch His garment's hem, or gain a glance
From those sweet eyes, that spake deliverance
From every sorrow, every pain, and sin—
The body healed and cleansed the heart within.
Now broke the ripples of the fisher's oars
Upon the dark and thickly-peopled shores.
And 'mid the shout of thousand voices, now
The Mighty Prophet left the stranded prow.
Then on His ear the sound of prayer and woe
Tumultuous fell—a warm and ruddy glow
Lit up the cold and pallid cheeks—and all
Pressed to Him. Some upon their knees did fall
And supplicate; and some, with out-stretched hand,
Seemed less t' entreat His mercy than command.
But she, with trusting heart, yet trembling, came
And touched His garment,—quick, as thought, her frame
Stood up erect, and, through its veins, correctly flowed
Her wandering blood. Her cheek and forehead glowed
With health; and her dim, deadened eye grew bright
As Earth, when God proclaimed, "Let there be light!"

Jesus perceived, and, turning round, cried out,
"Who touched me?" "Twas no one! Heard not the about
Of those that throng?" But she, the healed, then saw
That Jesus knew her, and with fear and awe
Knelt her low down before Him, and confessed,
That she had touched his garment and been blessed.
Then sun-like shone His face, and with a voice
Soft as a seraph's note he spake, "Rejoice,
Daughter, thy faith hath caused thy pains to cease!
Be of good comfort thou! Depart in peace!"

Goldsmith and Irving.

BY EDWARD P. CLARKE, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

Few men have evinced a greater resemblance in some respects, and a greater diversity in others, than Oliver Goldsmith and Washington Irving. In their styles we find the same quiet, unassuming elegance, the same pure Saxon idiom, and the same good-humored sarcasm, which may pleasantly titillate, but seldom stings. Yet there exists more points of difference between these great men than is sometimes imagined.

Goldsmith's early life was one continued struggle with indigence, and through trials which would have permanently embittered the tempers and smothered the talents of most men. Like Fielding, his days passed either in crazy extravagance or debasing poverty. Add to these circumstances a nervous desire for applause, which made his peace of mind a prey to every malicious critic, and we shall be tempted to believe that few men were more transiently happy, or more permanently miserable, than Oliver Goldsmith.

To Irving, on the contrary, life has been but a pleasant spring, summer, and autumn, with but a few transient clouds to enhance enjoyment of the following sunshine. Designed for the mercantile profession—adopting literary occupations at the eleventh hour—his very first production met with universal approbation. None have obtained, with so little labor, such brilliant and lasting renown.

Goldsmith has told us that he felt extraordinary pleasure, while young, in listening to local traditions of a romantic character, and in perusing eastern tales, fairy stories, and old plays. There can be no doubt that these circumstances, superadded to his innate taste for the scenes of rural beauty which surrounded him, made him a poet, and such a poet as he was. The mind of a man of talents, in childhood, resembles a mass of molten gold, possessing great intrinsic value, yet unfixed, useless, and dependent upon any casual impression which it may, at this early period, encounter.

Goldsmith has sometimes been called the founder of a new school of poetry. This is not altogether correct, in the highest sense. In the matter of style, his claim is more plausible. He united the smooth harmony of Pope, the freedom of Dryden, and the elegance of Waller; yet he can scarcely be termed an imitator of any. Perhaps it would not be too much to assert that Goldsmith was the founder of the Lake School. The generative principles of a great revolution are not always so recent as they may appear.

It is much to be lamented, that Goldsmith lived in an age when his poverty formed an unsurmountable obstacle to the free exercise of his genius. Earning subsistence by his pen, he was forced to consult popular taste in what he wrote. He has humorously satirized the miscellaneous nature of his pursuits, in the *Citizen of the World*. One of the characters brought into the "Author's Club," represents himself as writing pot-house songs and sermons, "all at the rate of sixpence apiece, and what was more extraordinary, the bookseller lost by the bargain."

Goldsmith's personal appearance was unprepossessing, though in a less degree than that of his friend Johnson. We cannot but notice the marked and characteristic difference between himself and Irving, exhibited by their portraits. In Goldsmith's case, a coarse complexion, thin, rather straggling hair, a bullet head, a somewhat flat nose, and a sensual expression about the lower face, contrast fully with a quick, piercing eye, and a broad, massy, and expressive forehead. In a word, a stranger would set down the face, at first sight, as belonging either to a very ordinary man, or a very great genius. On turning to Irving, we find a countenance, handsome, indeed, yet without any strongly marked features. Its expression is good-humored, highly intellectual, and gentlemanly. Yet it is not one that would be singled from a crowd.

If the estimate which we have formed of Goldsmith's character be correct, its grand defect was, that he could never be induced to *realize* existence. No one excelled him in painting men and manners, and in drawing thence theories of worldly conduct. But, like many others, he could give advice which he could not, or would not, take. He was constantly under the influence of a belief, which even the stern realities of life could not, as in most cases, remove. That some brilliant Future, delayed perhaps, but sure to come, awaited him. Other men required substantial prospects—he remained satisfied with vague and visionary ones.

Goldsmith exhibited one characteristic, far from peculiar to himself. While sensitive, in a high degree, to popular opinion, he was nervously anxious to conceal that sensitiveness. He would frequently quote the celebrated remark of the French poet:

"Ce monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en rent pas roir
Doit se renfermer, seul, et casser rou mirror."

Yet his conduct appeared in strange contrast with his theory. He was constantly thrown into fits of anger by the Grub-street critics,

who, in plenitude of envy, would never let an opportunity pass, of discharging their venom, by an indiscriminate abuse of his works. At the same time, he joined simple mildness and playfulness of heart, to a disposition benevolent in the extreme. We wonder at the mind of Johnson; we pity the misfortunes of Savage; we love the kind, open heart of Addison. But for Goldsmith we must feel wonder, sympathy, and love, at the same time. Faults and foibles he undoubtedly possessed, and Boswell and the shameless Kenrick have not failed to exaggerate them. But like the good pastor, so beautifully described in the *Deserted Village*, we may say that

“—— E'en his failings leant to virtue's side.”

Goldsmith's imaginative powers were good, but not of the highest order. He was chiefly successful in description. His versification is notoriously regular and harmonious. In reading his longer poems, we are forcibly reminded of what Eschylus so beautifully terms—

“—— ποτίων τε χυμάτων
 Ανηριθμον γέλασμα”——

a constant flow of sound, seldom varying, but always melodious. His style in prose is too well understood to make it necessary that we should exhaust the trite vocabulary of critical phrases, in eulogizing it.

One dark cloud lies upon Goldsmith's personal and literary character, which, above all others, we could wish removed—the total absence of high religious feeling. None of his works are of immoral tendency; they are all, on the contrary, predisposed to virtue. But, even in the best, we can discern no trace of vital Christianity. His delineations of the clergy are rather sarcastic than otherwise. The Vicar of Wakefield himself is represented as kind-hearted, but inexperienced and prejudiced. How much happier and more useful would the life of Oliver Goldsmith have been, if sustained by reliance on the sublime faith of “Him of Nazareth.”

WASHINGTON IRVING is, in some sense, the father of American literature. The poets and prose writers of the Revolution, and the twenty or thirty years following, seldom ranked above mediocrity. Many have wondered that an age so prolific in great names—an age adorned by Hamilton, Adams, and Jay—should have been thus unproductive of literary talent. The solution of the problem may be found in the peculiar state of the country, during the period of which we speak. In 1785, America was a political chaos. The elements of a future Republic were free, indeed, from the unnatural control hitherto imposed upon them, but they were disunited, confused, and tossing upon a stormy political sea. Under such circumstances, public life held out more inducements to young men of talent than any thing else. From 1785 to 1800, law was the favorite profession of educated men, and the few who did not adopt it, generally studied theology or medicine. The laborious life these were obliged to lead, precluded the possibility of directing any great attention towards the study of polite literature.

Thus, many minds, which might have attained the utmost heights of literary fame, were, from the force of circumstances, directed elsewhere. Of these, Patrick Henry forms, we think, a distinguished example. The age in which he lived made him a politician, and the brilliancy of his forensic talents has prevented us from seeing what a distinguished author was lost in him. Had the high-minded Virginian followed the natural bent of his genius, we are persuaded that he would have formed a bright flower in the chaplet of American authorship.

Irving's first work burst upon the public, like a new sun in the literary firmament. Its success gave the needed impulse to native talent. Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Bancroft, Prescott, with others, followed, and the short space of twenty years has raised a superstructure of genius, in which we may well glory.

Irving is, undoubtedly, within a certain sphere, the first prose writer of the age. His style is best described in three words. *Aquam servare mentem*. It approaches nearer to poetry than any prose with which we are acquainted. He selects his words mainly from the purest Saxon, a dialect more poetical than any among those of which our language is formed. And from these he adopts the most harmonious. No grating collocation of consonants shocks the refined ear, and his sentences are measured and varied with the greatest nicety of taste. Rhyme alone is wanting to complete an illusive belief that it is not prose which we are reading.

It may seem strange that a mainly mercantile education, such as Irving received, should have enabled him to write with such chaste elegance. An explanation is, we think, to be found in a fact recorded by Dr. Waller, of New York, in his "Sketches of Metropolitan Talent." "Irving's favorite works, in early life, and which he read, almost to the exclusion of every thing else, were Chaucer and Spenser." Though Dr. Waller attaches no particular importance to this fact, we cannot but think that these treasures of pure old Saxon, engrafted upon our author's mind a taste which, however modified in after-life, was never lost.

Irving is one of those few writers who have made no enemies. Could the most frascible of the worthy old Dutchmen immortalized in the History of New York, rise from his grave, he would find it impossible to be angry with the hand which drew his own portrait, however ludicrous the features might appear.

Irving has faults. His language is very deficient in energy, and he scarcely ever originated one of those peculiarly happy expressions which lend so much brilliancy to the writings of Lamb and Carlyle. Nor does he possess a prominent claim to originality.

As a historian, Irving resembles Goldsmith, though with the advantage of a better style. We shall search his historical works in vain for any profound philosophical theories. Still, the "Life of Columbus" is as certainly an American classic, as the poetry of Bryant. Even Prescott is sadly deficient in what may be termed "the philosophy of history." America has not yet given birth to a Guizot.

Thus much for Washington Irving. It is true, that we have sketched his character more briefly than we could wish, or he himself deserves. But there are few men of equal celebrity, about whom we know so little. No Boswell has yet been appointed unto him, and such scanty facts as can be gleaned to aid us in estimating him correctly, are, for the most part, familiar to all.

To institute a final comparison between Goldsmith and Irving, we may repeat what we have already said, that few men differed more in many respects. Goldsmith's life was a continued battlefield; Irving won his laurels almost at the first stroke. Goldsmith is best known as a poet: Irving never wrote a line of verse, and though brilliant thoughts are not wanting in his works, he does not possess the highest spirit of poesy. In prose writing, Goldsmith evinced a deeper and more varied knowledge of character; Irving a greater mastery of style. Goldsmith possessed more wit; Irving more humor. Yet both can say, with Ovid,

*"Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam
Nulla venenato est litera mista joco."*

None made more friends or fewer enemies, and none possessed more of that truly benevolent spirit which softens down the most rugged asperities of the human heart.

The Past.

Thou hoary Genius of the Past !
On the pedestal of Years,
In clouded drapery, dim and vast
Thy spectral form appears !
Gathering the blasting rime
Scattered by relentless Time
O'er the silent Dead—
Hoarding, with a miser's care,
The golden dust of ages, where
The light of life has fled.

Thy locks are whiter than the snow
Of arctic purity,—
And dark is thy deep-furrowed brow,
And sad thy hollow eye,
Forever piercing through the gloom
That shrouds the myriads of the Tomb

From anxious mortals' ken—
Gazing through deep vistas, where,
Beyond the graves of years, afar,
Old Chaos holds his reign !

The millions that have lived and loved—
That *were*—and passed away—
In thy dim solitudes have proved
The empire of Decay ;
The victor's crown, the poet's bays,
The Nations' offerings of praise,
In thy vast censer burn—
The dust of Hymen's rosy gems,
The ashes of proud diadems,
Are mingled in thy urn.

The crumbled palaces of yore
Beneath thy feet are spread,
And mouldering mosses cluster o'er
The hearth-stones of the Dead ;
Their tones of laughter and of woe
Have died in echoes sad and low,
As fleeting as their breath ;
And silent are the Temples, where
Arose the voice of praise and prayer,
From lips now sealed in Death.

No mortal hand shall e'er unroll
The sombre mysteries
That crowd thy huge and ancient scroll,
With quaintest traceries ;
In hieroglyphics strange and bold,
The marvels of Tradition old
Are graven on its page—
And Superstition's finger pale
Has there recorded many a tale
Of every clime and age.

Within thy Mausoleum vast,
Wrapt in cerements of gloom,
The gorgeous cities of the Past
Are gathered to their doom ;
The towers and domes that gemmed the Plain
For centuries have darkly lain
Beneath the sullen wave—
The Desert spreads her heavy shroud,
And owls and dragons shriek aloud
O'er Ilion's lonely graves !

Insatiate Hoarder ! ever watching
 For the golden moments' flight—
 Ever gathering, ever snatching
 Life and beauty from our sight !
 Too soon shall all the fond and true
 Have passed away like early dew,
 To thy dark keeping given—
 Too soon shall Love's delicious wreath
 Be seized to deck thy Halls of Death,
 Its roses crushed and riven !

Yet *not for aye* shall darkness spread
 Her wing of rayless gloom,
 A pall so deep, a night so dread,
 Above the silent Tomb ;
 For, at the dawning of the Day,
 Like morning mist shall roll away
 Earth's dun and shadowy even,
 And Past and Present shall unite
 In broad *Eternity's* pure light—
 The radiance of Heaven !

C.

The Home of Genius and the Birthplace of Religion.

BY A. H. C.

LITERATURE, and science, and art, seem to have selected Greece as their home, for here was the scene of their noblest efforts, and the depository of their choicest productions. Every thing united to make it the favorite seat of the muses. Success in war inspired the people with patriotism, and conferred that noble independence so necessary to greatness ; its climate, too mild to blunt the finer sensibilities, was yet sufficiently invigorating to prevent effeminacy—minds of the highest order framed its laws, and intellects of the noblest stamp shaped its destiny. The brilliant exploits of Salamis and Marathon bear evidence of Grecian bravery—the splendid ruins that yet survive the attacks of time and ruthless war, are monuments of its art, and the still prouder remnants of literature, speak of its intellectual greatness. Every part of Greece abounds in names hallowed by the almost inspired strains of its poets—every mountain and grove is invested with a sacred charm, by some classic allusion of a beautiful mythology, there is hardly a spot but that has been consecrated by its divinities, or honored by the presence of the Muses. It was blessed with the

immediate presence of the gods, for, Jupiter thundered from its own Olympus, the earth-born Titans piled Thessalian Ossa upon Pelion, and the sacred nine made Mount Helicon and the Castalian Spring their favorite resorts. But it was reserved for Athens to concentrate all its incomparable bravery, its perfection of art, and its brilliancy of intellect. The Grecian divinities controlled the destinies of the world, from the cloudcapt summits of the mountains, yet they blessed Athens' splendid shrines, with their peculiar presence. The Muses wandered amid the rural groves, and beside the sacred fountains, yet the Attic capital alone received the full benefit of their inspirations.

The Athenians were almost invincible in war, yet nature bestowed not on them unusual hardihood, nor girt them around with impassable barriers; but patriotism nerved the arm, superior skill mocked the tyrant's countless forces, and the overpowering eloquence of a Demosthenes inspired the heart with resistless courage.

They have never been surpassed in art, yet other cities have attained to greater power, have amassed richer treasures of wealth, and have had more unlimited means at their disposal; but genius here disclosed the beautiful forms concealed beneath the marble's rough exterior—fancy devised its richest charms—and taste selected the highest beauty for its imitation. The literature can almost claim perfection, for it was not the fruit of intellect basely sold to gratify a tyrant's vanity, but the daring thoughts of genius—freely uttered—not a solitary light which ventures to glimmer amid surrounding darkness, but one vast luminary that dazzles by its brightness.

From every other city renowned for illustrious talent, the intellects that purchased their country's fame are easily selected, but it would be idle to enumerate the names entwined with Athens' glory. For the skill and bravery of the warrior, the justice and wisdom of the statesman, the elegancies of the artist, and the profound learning of the philosopher, have almost exhausted their powers in making it the admiration of the world. Still the number of its superior minds, is rivaled by the variety of their noble pursuits, and the greatness of their powers is equaled by the splendid results of their exertions.

Yet there is another name, which awakens more hallowed recollections than that of Athens. For while the ruins of heathen countries call forth emotions of admiration, deep and intense, those of Jerusalem strike even a finer chord, and make it thrill with a richer music; since, in one case, mythology has only diffused an air of pleasing mystery—in the other, the miraculous workings of a real Providence have left a terrible impress.

Athens' heroes were sung in the highest of earthly strains—its mountains and groves were hallowed by the most beautiful of mythologies—and its gods were the greatest of false divinities. But Palestine's history is enwoven with names whose praise trembles on the lyre strings of angels—its scenery abounds in plains made vocal by celestial minstrelsy—and with heights that have shaken at the thunders of Omnipotence, or agonized with the sufferings of the Saviour.

The poetry and eloquence of Greece is sublime and impressive.

But it is the highest reach of human intellect, and not the thrilling power of heavenly inspiration. The broken, half uttered responses of the Grecian oracles—seeming as though the imaginary god were laboring to suit his speech to mortal ears—have been mentioned as passages of unwonted impressiveness, yet how poorly they compare with David's sweetest, sublimest notes of praise, or to the raptures of the soul, filled with the pleasing and terrible scenes of prophecy!

The artist in every age has dreamed his brightest visions, when looking upon Athens' perfect models—its mythology has been an exhaustless storehouse of classic allusions for the poet, and the influence of its talent is still shaping the destiny of the greatest intellects; while through the influence of Judea's sacred truths, the world is becoming better and happier. If they do not increase the powers of mind, they direct them to proper objects, and by keeping the soul humble in this world, fit it to shine in eternity.

In one respect, Athens and Jerusalem are similar, and yet, different. Both were great in opulence, literature, and art, yet, while these were the representative of Athens' glory, they indicate but the slightest cause of Jerusalem's fame. For there, it was the workings of a special Providence that led to distinction. There, religion was ever the great business of life.

Even the Jewish literature, noted for its sublimity and majestic eloquence, as well as for its persuasiveness and touching simplicity, is wholly devoted to the exposition of sacred truths, for it was the inspiration of true divinity, and not the work of minds struggling for earthly fame.

The elegant arts were made subservient to religion; for perfection in them was sought, only to form for Israel's God, a temple unequalled in magnificence and beauty. In short, all that the most perfect talent and powerful intellect can accomplish, is displayed in the brilliant career of Athens: a little of what Supreme power can effect, is set forth in the sacred history of Jerusalem. The one can boast itself the birthplace of the most illustrious minds, the other can glory in that honor from the Omnipotent himself.

The day of greatness has now passed from both. Each, in its time, wielded a mighty influence, and that influence has not and never can be lost. As long as one lover of literary beauty remains, the intellects of Greece will have a worshiper at their shrines. Time only unfolds new attractions in their works, and instead of stealing away their charms, seems to bestow the beauties wrested from its other spoils.

Standing at this distance, all appears bright and fair in Athens' fame. The defects are lost in the superior effulgence. Yet there are black spots on its history—crimes dark enough to sully forever the lustre of an ordinary nation. Perhaps we are particularly favored in living at this remote period, for we can gaze at Greece through the mist which ages have raised, and see her bright orb magnified by the dusky medium, while the dark spots are comparatively diminished. The heathen gods, when regarded at a distance, were majestic divinities, but close at hand, they were merely fierce, vindictive giants; so perhaps the

Grecian glory, viewed in the time of its greatness, would have seemed little more than an ordinary splendor. Athens was indeed a chief among cities, but in considering her greatness we are prone to exaggerate. For nearly all the lustre of her brilliant career through centuries, has come down to us in one concentrated glow of loveliness. We gaze upon the stupendous columns which yet stand the monuments of its departed greatness, and in imagination build it up, perhaps more glorious than before.

But Jerusalem, on the other hand, is never seen except in its proper light. The sacred volume that records its glory, tells also of its shame. Not a single dark spot is hidden, but each crime stands out in its native deformity, set forth in words of living truth. And black indeed has been its picture, sketched by the pen of inspiration. For more aggravated have been its faults, than were in the bounds of possibility for any other nation. Greece destroyed its generals—Judea its holy prophets. Athens gave the cup of poison to the greatest of philosophers—Jerusalem nailed the Lord of glory to the cross. This last daring deed, is a foul blemish on the Jewish annals, and yet a brightness and glory for the world. The influence of that sacrifice made at Calvary, is even now circling through the eternal world, and ever must, until it shall embrace infinity.

Little now remains in Palestine to tell the wonders of its history. The once blooming plains are changed to a solitary desert, the sacred mountains no longer echo the thunders of Omnipotence, and the proud capital hears but the wail of its suffering children, or the haughty words of insulting victors. Yet fancy loves to linger amid those scenes, and to deck them anew with memory's beauties; superstition yet shrinks with awe from the scene of former terrors, or blindly worships at imaginary shrines, while devotion fondly gazes upon a spot sacred as the home of true religion, hallowed as the birthplace of Divinity.

"The Graves of Those We Love."

"Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that drops in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging."

MOENZ.

If there is one place on earth more sacred than another, that place is the grave which affection has planted with flowers and watered with tears. Where, at the still of evening, the lone one wanders, and in the silence of the tomb finds sad communion with the spirit which yet lives in thoughts and actions that time can never efface; where

memory dwells upon the sprightly form, the blooming countenance, the eyes eloquent with feeling, all decked anew with more than life-like beauty, and where it also recalls the closing eyes, the features pale with death, and the lips silent forever, though parted with the smile which the soul left upon them when catching a glimpse of the glories beyond. The heart thinks not of the cold clay which lies beneath the sod, but as at some sainted shrine communes with the living, blooming spirit, while kneeling to the lifeless memento.

The companionship of the departed one seems not entirely lost, for love follows its flight, or fancies it a ministering angel, fondly attending upon the steps of its dearest earthly friends; and the active mind often imagines a real interchange of feeling in the silent chambers of the soul, where are breathed forth thoughts more delicate than words have ever uttered. No place is more fitted for awakening these sadly sweet emotions, than the grave which contains all that is left of one whom affection held most dear, and there is no place more visited by the sorrowing friends, or more carefully tended by their unceasing regard.

The grave of the stranger is soon trodden level with the plain, for no railing encloses it as sacred ground, and no marble letters tell of the name that has perished from the earth. The footstep bounds lightly over it, and near it the laugh of gayety rings as merrily as ever; or it stands in some deserted corner, overrun with matted vines, never noticed even by the casual passer, for it is the grave of one who is a stranger in death, as well as a stranger among the living. He struggled through the world without sympathy; he died, perhaps, of a broken heart, and now he lies unwept, in his narrow bed, where the loneliness is more expressive than any epitaph.

How different the grave of the loved! Perhaps only a simple stone stands at the head—a mark of remembrance, which custom has given to all—yet a chaplet of fresh flowers is daily laid upon the green turf—the slight mound is carefully guarded from intrusive footsteps—a weeping willow droops mournfully over it, and bright flowers spring out of it, extracting beauty and fragrance from death and decay. There are a thousand other little marks of affection, which modestly testify the strength of that love which death cannot destroy. Such are the narrow path that leads beside the tomb, where the oft returning footstep permits no grass to spring, and the shrubbery carefully tended, or the simple words, "A Mother's Grave;" and they speak more truly the language of the heart, than costly mausoleums and studied epitaphs.

There is something so indelicate in raising sumptuous monuments, lettered full with lofty encomiums, over the silent dead, that we turn, with a sort of relief, to the unobtrusive head-stone, shaded by a blooming rose-bush, or hung with some simple token of affection. Sincere grief shrinks from attracting notice, and prefers to build a shrine to which it can retire, and render the tribute to departed worth, undisturbed by idle strangers, who come merely to be gratified with architectural beauty.

Wealth can purchase the showy procession and attractive monument, but affection only can bid the tear to start, and prompt to those hundred little acts of love, unseen by the world, which yet give a sweet solace to the heart that contrives them. And when these expressions of regard are really sincere, nothing can exert a more hallowed influence on the character. They develop the innate goodness of the heart, and soften the harsher feelings, more than any appeal to the conscience; for in the grave is buried every fault and dissension, and as the earth closes over the lifeless form, pity suggests many a kind look or lovely trait, undiscovered before.

If the grave of an enemy—anger is disarmed, and perhaps softened into sorrow, since many a bitter word or menacing look now appears foolish, and even cruel; for those eyes closed in death, can no longer return the defying glance, nor those mute, cold lips, retort the words of scorn. And as the thought occurs, even to a bitter enemy, that perhaps his unkind treatment has hastened the death of that prostrate form, a sad emotion will cross the heart, and, it may be, an unbidden tear moisten the eye. Yet if the grave of the enemy be not bedewed with tears, it will seldom be dishonored; for the deepest anger can desire no victory more complete than death has made, and humanity will call for mercy on a fallen foe.

But when it is the grave of a loved friend, whom some hasty word has estranged, or whom some careless jest has wounded, while no opportunity has been found to say it was but an idle, unmeaning remark, what tears of bitter regret must fall, and what emotions choke the soul for utterance! Those calm, reproachful eyes—those loved features, saddened by the seeming slight, and the hasty color that rushed for a moment to the temples, indicating a wounded sensibility—will come back upon the memory with more than truthful vividness, and overwhelm the soul with the deepest anguish. And when it is told that the last prayer of that injured one was breathed out in forgiveness for the wrong—that the name half unspoken before the lips closed forever, was that of the faithless friend—that the soul seemed unwilling to quit its earthly tenement, before it uttered words of love and reconciliation to him who had inflicted the cutting injury—the heart must be stung with such a keen self-reproach, as he alone who has felt it, can realize; a sorrow which rankles in the soul, embittering every remembrance of that friend, and cutting the deeper because it can find no sympathy. Scalding tears will fill the eye, and the head will become dizzy, as the cold sod is laid above the grave of alienated affection, and in after years, when different scenes and a busy life have dissipated thoughts of those earlier times, as the step approaches that church-yard, and draws beside that grave, the whole crowd of bitter recollections will come thronging into the soul, and keenly reproach it for its former unkindness. The mourner will turn away with a sadder heart, but with the wise purpose to give never more a cause for such bitter and unavailing tears.

But when standing at the grave of a fondly loved parent, what a chastened and delicate sorrow fills the soul! No remorse harrows up

the feelings, and no acute anguish embitters the recollection, but a pensive sadness steals over the heart, and quiet, unimpassioned tears course down the cheek. The soul will be subdued to an unwonted tenderness, and the knees will bend long at the tomb-stone, while past scenes, with all their little joys and sorrows, come back invested with the freshness of yesterday. When it is time to turn away, the steps will linger about the spot, and at last leave it slowly and unwillingly, for it is a sacred place, where blessings descend upon the soul. And there will be left, too, some little mark of regard for that parent, about whose heart were wound the first tendrils of affection.

Perhaps it is no more than to cut off from the grave the rank grass, or to tear away the matted vines; yet even the smallest token of love may be an index of a warm and feeling heart. When humanity has so far forsaken some hardened breast, that we are tempted to doubt even its existence there, some testimonial of respect for a parent's memory—a softened tone when speaking their name—a long, sad gaze upon their portrait, or a tear dropped over their graves, will prove that the heart is not entirely callous—that there is one connecting link which binds it in sympathy to its fellows.

If it is the grave of a parent who has been hurried to an untimely end by the ingratitude or disobedience of a child, that child may weep over the cold remains, but his will be feverish tears, which distil no refreshing comfort for the soul. The sighs that make his bosom heave, will deeply lacerate, and allow of no healing balm of consolation.

The winds will heed not his idle prayers for forgiveness, and the more he weeps the less of comfort he will find. That which is the altar of grateful incense to the dutiful child, is to him the altar of Cain, where all his offerings of repentance are rejected, and from whence he is driven by an accusing conscience.

We have spoken of the grave of the parent—of those who have been called away when the weight of years comes on, and when life begins to lose its charms. Thoughts of such will not be unmingled with tears, yet in the midst of weeping comes the reflection that they have escaped from a vale of sorrow, and are rejoicing in brighter realms than those of earth. Different are the emotions which rise in the heart, upon standing at the tomb of one called away when just blooming into maturity and loveliness. The beauty and grace and vivacity which made that form so charming, are now wasting away in the coldness and silence of the grave. Death, in such cases, does indeed appear the king of terrors. For when hope is painting bright visions for the future, and the heart is beating with love for all, when the gentleness of disposition has not been ruffled by contact with the world, but yet remains innocent and winning as in childhood, it seems a remorseless stroke, which destroys all the fond anticipations, and consigns to the tomb so much elegance of form and loveliness of heart.

It is well to plant fair flowers upon the graves of such, for they are the fittest type of the delicate beauty that lies cold beneath them—the

best symbol of that form which was as bright, and also as frail and fading.

Few, very few, can say that there is no grave over which they have been compelled to weep. The death of a parent, of a brother, of a sister, or of some more fondly loved one, has left nearly every heart desolate, and proved, by the severest test, the strength of its affection. And that one has stood the trial best, who, notwithstanding the lapse of time and the distractions of life, repairs daily to the grave of the loved one, there to deposit some little token of respect, or to guard the sacred spot from intrusion, and to shed a modest tear for the virtues and loveliness of the departed.

A. H. C.

Heart.

WHATEVER views we may entertain about equality by nature, we all agree that there is, among mankind, a wide diversity in the development of both the intellect and the affections. While some are so much surface that the first glance discovers the whole man, and some are so deep that the Infinite alone can fathom them; there are others, who keep their treasures of thought and feeling in a safe, accessible to the owner, and transferable to whomsoever he will, but secure against the plundering foe, and the careless friend. While imperfection attaches to the whole race, some rise to an eminence in mental and moral attainments, far surpassing those of the multitudes around them. It cannot be denied that early education has a very important influence in shaping the after-character and career of every man. The importance of thorough training in the primary schools, and in the higher seminaries of learning, is beginning to be understood and felt, and we look with pride on recent improvements, both in the manner and matter of teaching. But it may well be questioned, whether, in the haste to push the youthful mind forward with the greatest possible rapidity, the importance of training the affections has not been too much overlooked. Why is it that we see many persons of well regulated minds, possessing very narrow hearts? In the midst of beautiful and noble thoughts, they seem to forget that to feel and obey the truth gives to knowledge all its worth. Such persons are like icebergs, gorgeous as they sparkle in the sunlight, yet freezing whatever they touch.

Real sympathy, apart from all considerations of self-interest, is rarely found in such a degree as to make it of any value in heightening pure enjoyment, or mitigating sorrow. Formality is the fashion, and Stoicism the truly worshiped deity. If the external shine, the internal may be black as "ebon darkness," without detracting sensibly, in the view of many, from a man's excellence. Admirers and flatterers are easily gained, but a faithful friend seldom found. There is,

indeed, no want of a certain species of feeling in the multitude, eager for something, it matters little what, provided they are on a race, but it is rather the untrained offshoot of instinct than the outworking of the heart. To see men in a phrenzy of passion, or convulsed with laughter, is nothing uncommon ; but to behold the generous spirit, diffusing on all sides an air of joyousness, in which youth's pure affections may expand into a healthy maturity, is as rare as it is delightful. The shallow ferments of an irritable temper, tormenting wherever they are felt, and the boiling floods of a malicious one, scalding every thing within their reach not already petrified, are objects sufficiently familiar. But it is not my purpose here to speak particularly of the moral nature of the affections, but to call attention to the fact, that the sum of natural affection, in even educated society, is so exceedingly small. There is no deficiency in that sentimentalism which weeps inconsolably over impossible miseries, exults immeasurably in the fancied triumphs of smart villains, admires the incredible flights of an unreal genius, and loves the smooth perfection of ideal beauty. From such day-dreamers we must expect little depth of soul. But it must not be forgotten that these are a sort of superhuman existences, and of course must not be expected to come under the plain, matter-of-fact conditions quite natural to those who have not become so sublimed in their speculations as to forget that, being of the solid earth, earthy, air is to them quite unnavigable, who can only aspire to the regions above them, not daring to believe that ethereal floating is equally safe as well as far more blissful than weary marches over earth's rugged ways. But leaving the disciples of fiction to the full enjoyments of the prospect, both immediate and remote, held out to them by their goddess, let us take a more sober survey of the real world, and note some of the causes which operate to deprive natural affection of its legitimate share in it. One of the chief, is the radical defect in parental instruction. Affection is not produced by inculcation. Stern command may secure obedience to the superior, and deter from injuring the equal and inferior, but cannot alone produce respect for the one, nor love to the others. Children of the same family may be told to love one another, on the ground of duty, but it is much easier for them to feel the influence of right affection laid out before them and toward them, than to understand the reasons of this obligation. Children are quick observers, and they observe not to criticise so much as to imitate. But perhaps in most cases less injury is received from noticing defects in the characters they are both inclined and taught to imitate, than from feeling the wounds which are often inflicted on their tender hearts through unthinking carelessness.

Although youthful impressions are so lasting, much may be done in later years to repair the injury thus sustained.

But to specify more particularly some of the moulding influences to which all must be subjected, the almost universal disposition to elevate still higher the already elevated, and to depress still lower the already depressed, operates to the injury of both. No sooner does a child show marks of unusual talent, than a hundred tongues flatter his van-

ity, already inflated to a measure that cannot possibly be sustained, and instead of a generous heart within, there is an inexhaustible reservoir of pertness and pride. Flattery tortures its victims by inducing a moral dyspepsia, which must bring frightful leanness upon the soul. A lingering consumption, or even a corroding cancer, is a comfort, compared with the chafing anguish of a spirit thus drained of its natural kindness. But the dull meet with trials of quite a different kind. To their own keen sense of shame is added the withering rebuke from those who ought to encourage. When a kind word of good cheer might stimulate to a noble devotion to some worthy pursuit, harsh denunciation falls on the sensitive mind like a thunderbolt, stunning, if it does not destroy. To rank and fortune, also, is often shown that respect which is due to merit alone, while poverty unaided must rear up its own offspring amid all the depressing influences incident to its condition. But the instinctive consciousness of a right to be something more than a slave, will here counteract this disposition, and lead the one truly noble by nature, to assert successfully that he also will be a man. Another cause of the evil in question, is the general devotion to pursuits which do not require a generous spirit. The human intellect is not so independent of the objects on which it is employed as not to receive from them a stamp answering to their peculiar nature. The miser, with undiverted eye, gazes into the mine of glittering dust, long since made the grave of all the heart that was his by nature, and from which there will be no resurrection till the overturnings of fortune shall bury the corrosive dust beyond the possibility of exhumation. Money was never made to be food for an immortal spirit, and when forced to subsist on that alone, the most that can be said of it is, that it exists.

No man is blessed with so much good-will to his fellow-men, as to be under the necessity of placing restraints upon it, lest it carry him too far in his efforts to render them happy. Nor is this quality of such an indestructible nature, that no force can injure it. It is of too delicate a texture to be wrought into a purse for hard dollars and cents, and when subjected to such usage, will soon wear out, leaving the owner impoverished, however great his wealth, for this has no worth in comparison with the heart that has been spoiled by being made to contain it. Nor are the votaries of honor more likely to possess a generous spirit. Eminence here is not to be gained by those who make it a primary object of pursuit without strife, and strife is not without envy, nor envy without hatred. He who is bent on receiving the homage of his fellows, must indeed exhibit certain attracting qualities, (or rather their shadow,) if he would succeed. Worth may gain deserved honor unsought, but never makes its attainment the object of pursuit, for in so doing it would cease to be worth. There is a wide difference between qualifying one's self for a certain station for the sake of the honor that belongs to it, and of seeking the same qualifications for their own sake, because of the good they are seen to contain. The former is the course of honor's votaries, the latter of those who deserve to be honored. The former of these will make the

greatest show of generosity, so long as it is necessary for their promotion, but it will be found to flow invariably in one channel, and cease flowing when the one object is gained. It is not uncommon to see candidates for places of distinction lavish in expenditure even beyond their means, and in professions of friendship still more extravagant; but let all hope of gaining these stations be cut off, and bitter repentings and self-reproaches will take the place of all this imposing show. But suppose the object be gained, its realized worthlessness will either fill the soul with disgust, or, what is more likely, fire it with a fiercer ambition for a more glittering, but equally unsatisfying prize. This process cannot be often repeated and long continued, without changing any man into the enemy of his fallows, as he is of himself. His supporters will become weary of dragging his triumphal car, when they find his empty smiles quite inadequate to reward them for a service of which the toil is all theirs, the honor all his. Such promotion must be followed by disappointment, harder to bear, because made more keen by the consciousness that it is deserved. The difficulty of finding a warm heart in such a man, need not be pointed out. If all will to everybody in general, and to a certain few in particular, be sought for, without doubt, all inquiries might be easily satisfied. But is there not something in the pursuit of so desirable an object as pleasure, calculated to secure this valuable object?

True happiness, undoubtedly, has a very close connection with it. But this the seekers after pleasure do not often find, and for the very obvious reason, that they go in entirely the opposite direction. *Their* life is all surface, but the pearl of a *noble spirit* lies far beneath, and he who would acquire it must dive below the floating foam. It is not so cheap that it may be obtained for a trifle, and yet is attainable by any one who is willing to sacrifice the fleeting joys of an hour, for the priceless luxury of doing good. But it must be admitted that many seem to have a glad heart who pursue no higher object than the gratification of the moment. There is a certain affability and joyousness about them quite charming. Let not the real value of these things be decried, but take them not for what they seem. A beautiful steamer, built for a quiet river, may attract admiration by its graceful speed, but none would risk their fortune in it on the stormy sea, for the first rude blast of the tempest would shatter and sink it. Bright visions in dreams might last, but sleep cannot continue forever. Air castles might stand, but lightnings rend the sky.

Again, pride of intellect contributes its share to the evil in question. Great mental powers have always attracted the admiration, and often the homage of mankind. Genius is the great comprehensive term which includes all knowledge, and if a man has once gained that title, few will dare say to him, "one thing thou lackest." To be great among men, it is not necessary to be good. If a man possess preëminent abilities, his most culpable actions pass with many as a natural consequence of smartness, or, at most, as inconsiderable blemishes, not worth noticing, because there are, forsooth, spots on the sun. "Imperfection," say they, "is to be expected in all, and great men always

have had great failings." But it is worth while to ask whether the high estimate generally set upon great intellectual strength does not, by flattering the vanity of the possessor, prevent him from becoming that symmetrical man he might be, and still lose no part of his mental power. An undue development of any one part must cause the neglect of some other, and thus injure the whole. If a brilliant mind is considered all that is necessary to greatness, we must expect that great hearts will be few. And this is in fact so far the case, that in looking at the great lights around us, we are compelled to pronounce the larger part of them stars, sending through the vast distance between them and us, a few rays for our speculation, rather than suns, pouring around us full tides of light and warmth in which we live, and learn to bless the God who made them. The last cause I will here mention, is the charge of affectation which is so indiscriminately preferred against those who manifest more than usual depth and strength of feeling. Many would be glad to feel, and rejoice in the exhibition of it on all suitable occasions, but are repelled by the frigidity of those around them. On this side is unmeaning compliment, and on that, stinging sarcasm—neither very agreeable to a heart of warm and refined feelings.

And few persons will venture to express what would be desirable, both for their own and others' happiness, lest they shall seem too enthusiastic or irrational. Reason, noble as it is, can be but a partner of the throne. Let affection also have its share, and under their joint reign, the evils of bigotry and envy will give way for a brighter phase than human society has ever yet exhibited. God speed the day.

S. M.

Poetry and its Votaries.

Polus.—And how is it, Socrates, as concerns this employment of making verses.

Soc.—To me, at least, O Polus, many of those practicing it, seem to practice it with such a practice, as those poorly understanding how to practice the art of cooking, practice it; for the latter indeed, as you probably know, mix together certain ingredients, regarding neither the quantities, whether they be too great or too small, neither the qualities, whether perchance some of them be not even poisonous, caring only that it should be baked; so these makers of verses, getting together an assemblage of words, seem to mind neither the quantity nor the quality, provided only they be rhymed.

Callicles.—And if any one of those cooks should, by reason of his ignorance, unwittingly mingle poison with the food, and some person eating of the same, should die, ought the cook to receive punishment for this, O Socrates?

Soc.—Yes, by Jupiter! O Callicles; I say he ought by all means.

Callicles.—By the dog! Socrates, how can the cook be blamed, not knowing it?

Soc.—On account of his boldness, using that of which he did not know, whether it had itself being poison, or not, and thereby playing, as it were, a hazardous game.

Polus.—Ought, then, these makers of verses to be punished?

Soc.—Indeed, what you say is true, and it is my opinion, O Polus, that after they have made a sufficiency of verses they will descend into Hades.

Polus.—But what, Socrates, will be the punishment of these; for you know each one must suffer a penalty commensurate with his evil deeds on earth.

Soc.—To me, reflecting also upon this matter, it seems probable that they will be compelled to turn dull augurs, if perchance, O Polus and Callicles, they may perforate millstones.—*Plato, (Addenda), translated and interpolated by a distinguished literary gentleman.*

“Our distinguished friend,” Socrates, was the most eminent philosopher of ancient times, and his opinion should, therefore, be received with all due regard. He seems to think, as we infer from the above, that some of the verse-makers of his own age were decidedly *borous*; and he suggests, probably for the change of air, the propriety of their descending into Hades, when they get through here, and continuing their trade hereafter on millstones instead of men. Such a transfer in our times would be very acceptable. We are favored with verse-makers of the ‘same sort,’ and their ‘name is legion.’ There are many would-be-poets at the present day, who strive to get a living by the use of their rhyming dictionaries. As for finding any real poetry in their effusions, you might, with the same hope of success, search for a pearl in a codfish; and if there be any, it came there the same way. With such poets, to get an idea, seems to be the first and main difficulty to be surmounted; to accomplish this we may suppose them, first, to scratch their heads, bite their nails, and roll their eyes simultaneously. Secondly, if they gain no inspiration by this indiscriminate process, they ‘cabbage’ an idea; and thirdly, in whatever way they get one, they are always sure to make the most of it. In the second place, they indue it with metre of some sort, either long, short, or common, but more generally a combination of the *uncommon* and *particular*, and if in any way, a spice of the hallelujah creeps in, it is only an index of surprising talent. Having thus completed the first line, the next requisite is *something to rhyme with it*. A word is taken from the rhyming dictionary, the line is begun with “and,” a verb is introduced, duly fortified with an expletive and a huge adverb, and it would seem as if the whole was rendered complete by shaking up several affecting words in a hat, and using the first one that appeared. This is the way to *make* poetry, and there is much afloat that would seem to be manufactured in this way. It strays about in the corners of newspapers, whose editors are ‘hard up,’ or occasionally a collection appears before the appalled vision of community, under the label of ‘Annual,’ ‘Keepsake,’ or ‘Token of Affection,’ whose only brightness is its gilded exterior. Look within, and you feel strongly impressed with the benevolence of that miracle wherein the *feet* received strength. Read a page or two if you can endure it so long, and you will heartily say with Byron,

“Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng;
Whose labored lines in chilling number flow,
To paint a pang the author ne’er can know!”

Surely, if some of the verse-makers in the time of Socrates, deserved, as a punishment, to *bore millstones* hereafter, then ought some of our own age to commence operations immediately.

Pardon, dear reader, our "righteous indignation," but poor poetry is poor stuff indeed. We would not have our remarks understood as referring to College poets; we exclude them entirely. It is certainly no wrong for any and every student, if he writes, to *try* his hand at poetry, and in that light we consider all who write poetry in College. If one be a real poet, if the harmonies of nature speak to his soul in living words, if his mind is continually catching beautiful objects about him, and eloquent emotions find ready attendance "in lines mellifluously bland," then let him write poetry, not only in College but in after life, and at some future day it may perchance be said of him—

"He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced:
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new feelings in the human heart."

And if his soul be full of poetry, it *will* find utterance, whatever be the sphere of life in which he is called to act. One of New England's most elegant and imaginative poets is the cashier of a bank, and every day counts out filthy lucre to the sons of men. He talks of the ups and downs in money matters as if they were subjects of interest to him: call up some different theme, and you elicit a flow of beautiful language and feeling, with which you are at once delighted, yet surprised to find in a man of business.

But if a person be not naturally of a poetical turn, let him be persuaded that he should never attempt to make himself so. A poetical turn manufactured, is a mighty crooked "turn," and will always exhibit itself as such, in any poetical effusions of which its possessor may be delivered. They will invariably carry with them the idea of "one verse" made "for the other's sake," of "one for sense and one for rhyme," and every one will join in with the author of *Hudibras*, in thinking that that's "sufficient for one time." There may perhaps be such a thing as a self-made *man*, but a self-made *poet*, is a singing goose. Every one is at liberty to make a trial of his talents in every pursuit of life. Every one may therefore *try* his poetical genius; if there be poetry in him, well, but if not, there never *will* be, and he had best confine himself to prose in future. Though he may possess superior talents which will be perceived and appreciated in sensible prose, yet let him be assured that his poetry will never be particularly impressive. Imagine Clay or Webster writing poetry; think you they would by that means add new lustre to their present fame? Go on then, my prosaic friend, and if you seek eminence, know that it can be obtained without the gift of song. Real poets are rarities in our day.

If then you possess not a real poetical genius, see to it lest if you attempt to write poetry, you find yourself among that number whose effusions Holmes, the keenest of poets, thus ridicules,—

Wo to the spectres of Parnassus' shade,
 If truth should mingle in the masquerade.
 Lo, as the songster's pale creations pass,
 Off come at once the "Dearest," and "Alas!"
 Crack go the lines and levers used to prop
 Top-heavy thoughts, and down at once they drop.
Flowers weep for *hours*; *Love* shrieking for his *dove*,
 Finds not the solace that he seeks—above.
 Fast in the mire, through which in happier time
 He ambled dry-shod on the stilts of rhyme,
 The prostrate poet finds at length a tongue
 To curse in prose the thankless stars he sung.

J.

An Hour in Athens.

Glory and empire! once upon these towers,
 With Freedom—godlike triad! how ye sate!

BYRON.

THERE are a few names that stand out in pleasing relief amid the long, dark catalogues of wars and turmoils which blacken the page of history. The mind, sickened by the disgusting details of savage combat, delights to linger on these bright oases, and to revel in the associations which cluster around them.

Among these, Athens is conspicuous. The eye of the student rests upon that name, "as though a spell was on him;" its echo falls upon his ear, and sweet thoughts of grandeur, of poetry and song, steal in almost unconsciously and occupy his mind. In thought and feeling, he is at once transported to the favorite land of the gods and the muses—his feet tread on classic soil, and his spirit drinks inspiration from the lips of by-gone genius.

But sadder memories oppress the modern traveler as he lays down his staff to rest amid her ruins. The story of her former greatness is chanted by every breeze, but in gloomy discord with the sad tale of her subsequent disaster. In vain the eye strives amid this "wilderness of marble" to recognize the city of Pericles and Solon. In vain does the ear listen for the accents of her former eloquence, or to hear the approaching footsteps of her blind old bard. The mind left to its own reflections, wanders through the days of Grecian prowess, and follows her decline down to the time when the turban and scimeter gained admission into her sacred precincts, before which the priest and the Host forever fled, to give place to that system and those influences which have since reduced her to her present condition.

The contrast between Ancient and Modern Greece affords the most

melancholy proof of the instability of all things earthly. The merciless Turk has polluted her shrines, ravaged her temples, felled her sacred groves, and crimsoned her plains with the life-blood of her unoffending citizens. Revolution has swept its desolating tide over that fairest portion of our earth, and the land of Demosthenes and Homer lives only in the divine inspiration of their genius.

The scholar of the nineteenth century looks back to Greece with mingled feelings of pity and veneration. Here is Parnassus, which, though no longer the abode of the Muses, appears to him " 'mid desolation tuneful still." Here the Castalian Fount still flows, and though the ivy bower no longer droops above it, and the Pythia has ceased to quaff its waters, its murmurs yet fill the ear with music.

Although Greece has undergone so many changes, and now appears a totally different country, the recollections of her former glory awaken the deepest interest in the bosom of the traveler amid her ruins. No nation has left behind so noble monuments of departed glory—none such trophies of valor. Here are Thermopylæ and Marathon. Here are Sparta and Athens—names that will never die. "Their echo is endless." It is not the exhibition of modern art, or the display of present wealth or power, which now arrests the stranger's attention. His mind is filled with reminiscences of the mighty dead who slumber beneath the soil which they have rendered forever sacred. The recollection of their names and deeds throws a halo over the otherwise desolate scene, and reflects the glories of former years over her present degradation.

Very different from these are the emotions excited by the ruins of Rome. True, there is much of magnificence and regal splendor remaining on the site of the Eternal City. But the traveler's thoughts dwell rather on the bloody and cruel reign of her Neros, than on the perfection of her art or the refinement of her national character. Her history is too full of insurrections and conspiracies, and her ruins comprise too many triumphal arches,—proud monuments of her prowess, and lust of conquest,—to awaken those tender emotions which a view of Athens inspires. Rome owed much to Athens. Grecian taste and Grecian hands constructed many of her proudest ornaments.

Who can view the Coliseum and not shudder at the recollection of the scenes which those walls have witnessed? Who can enter her dungeons and not shed a tear of sympathy for the sufferings of Jugurtha? But in Greece it is far otherwise. Here we see no monuments of military glory. The Greeks had no rostrum, covered with the beaks of captured ships—no arches, proclaiming a victor's triumph. Bright temples consecrated to the worship of their divinities, the shrines of the Muses, and life-like statues wrought from the silent marble, betray a refinement of character and delicacy of taste unknown to the golden days of Rome. Who does not read in these, as clearly as in the page of history, the peculiar character of the ancient Greeks? Who is not attracted by their love of pleasure, beauty, and grace, and, above all, by their piety to the gods?

In Athens, the famed metropolis, the eye of Greece and centre of

its glory, exist the most perfect specimens of ancient art. Here the antiquarian may spend long years of research, and yet be unsatisfied; here the sculptor finds models for his chisel, and the architect learns both the first rudiments and the perfect principles of his art. This were enough to enshrine the name of Athens in every heart, but it is only the reflection of her true glory.

Like other nations, Greece rose slowly from barbarism to civilization; and, under the influence of a serene and invigorating climate, and the most enchanting natural scenery, she reared her immortal line of heroes and philosophers.

During the age of Pericles, Athens attained the summit of her glory. It is narrated, that when a schoolboy, his political lessons were given him in music. This incident may perhaps account, in some measure, for his subsequent purity of character, and for his enlightened policy, and to it, doubtless, is to be attributed much of that elegance which has rendered Athens world-renowned. His tutors were selected from the most learned men of the age, among whom was Anaxagoras, from whom he imbibed the true principles of philosophy, and learned submission to the gods. Vain were any attempt on our part to do justice to his integrity, or his patriotism. It would be mere presumption to attempt a faithful description of his public career. His calmness and dignity amid violent popular commotion are worthy of all praise. But this is not all. We must look at their results if we would correctly estimate the importance and glory of his deeds.

At the close of the Persian war, Athens was but one of the allied states of Greece, and under the almost absolute dominion of a single man. Pericles, doubtless, foresaw the danger which might ensue from Cimon's successors in office, and to save his city from even liability to calamity, he took strong grounds of opposition to the existing government, and, in spite of all adverse circumstances, struggled to rescue her from the hand of what he considered a dangerous aristocracy. Mistaken views, and even ambitious motives have been attributed to him, but the result proves his sagacity and well attests his patriotism. At length he succeeded. Cimon was ostracised—and after various turns of fortune, Pericles was in possession of almost absolute authority. During the first thirteen years of his government, Athens was at peace. The attention of both ruler and people was turned to the study of nature and philosophy, and to the beautifying of their city.

To the genius and energy of Pericles, Athens is indebted for those crowning glories of architectural beauty which have been the wonder of all ages. He made Athens

"Queen of all—whose very wrecks,
If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,
Would wear more true magnificence than decks
The assembled thrones of all the existing world."

It was during the time of Pericles, also, that Sophocles brought the drama to its highest perfection. The art of Sculpture lent its aid—

the study of music, philosophy, and oratory exerted their influence, and the Athenian citizen soon became, in taste and refinement, a counterpart of his beautiful city.

Surely no country was ever adorned with such magnificence. "Under the brightest sky that ever shone above, and inhaling the purest air that was ever breathed below," surrounded by a most wonderful display of natural beauty and artistic skill, what wonder is it that "Attic taste" has come down to us as a proverb? What wonder that this was the chosen abode of the Muses? What other land has ever been worthy of a Homer or Demosthenes? What other city was ever worthy of her Pericles? But her history is not all so bright. Like all others, it has its dark pages.

The attention of the people, after a time, became wholly engrossed with the cultivation of taste, the enthusiasm of the drama, and the dogmas of philosophy. Little attention was bestowed upon the severer duties of life, and the Athenians, led captive by their own charms, became an effeminate and pleasure-loving people. Their national character suffered from the shock. The Peloponnesian war drew them from their favorite pursuits. Pericles was removed by death, and Athens from that time dates her decline. Her national spirit checked and enfeebled—her leaders ostracised, or otherwise removed—involved in bloody wars, and beset by numerous foes, her downfall was inevitable and speedy. Anarchy brooded over the once happy city. Her temples desecrated, her statues demolished, her shrines polluted,—the spirit of beauty took its flight, and the Muses hushed their song forever.

And

"Now she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo;
An empty urn, within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Thus to the stranger amid her ruins, do the golden days of Athens' pass in review. Beautiful as the hues which sport upon an evening sky, and like them, rendered more brilliant by the contrast with succeeding night. Her ruins are all that now remain to show that Grecian glory is not an idle tale. There are no signs of modern art. The spirit of the people is broken. Their piety is extinguished. The Moslem sits mute and sullen in their sacred places, and all that Greece e'er knew of valor and enterprise, has "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were."

Such are the reflections which a view of Athens inspires in the mind of the modern scholar. For beauty of architecture it is without a rival. Its name is a synonym for all of beauty which art can portray. Even the dust which the hand of time has strewn above its ruins, seems sacred in our eyes. Alone in its silent majesty, it tells of a spirit of piety worthy of a truly Christian people. But it is not architectural beauty alone that occupies the thoughts of the beholder; it is the associations connected with them. He feels that he is in the land where

Paul preached and Homer sung, the home of the muses—the native land of poetry, eloquence, and patriotism, and a thousand recollections fill him with reverential awe. Is he a Christian? he admires their piety, while he weeps over its mistaken direction. Is he a patriot? Below him are the plains of Marathon. Is he a scholar? He stands on classic ground. The tree of knowledge, whose fruit is now so delicious to his taste, first took root in the very soil in which he stands. Its leaves first “panted in the breezes” which now moan desolate through the deserted temples. Stupid must be the heart whose deepest sensibilities are not moved at such recollections, amid such ruins. Cold and lifeless the patriotism that feels not all its ardor fired amid the sepulchral mounds of Marathon.

LUDWIG.

Editor's Table.

“FIND a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it, as very characteristic of him.” If this remark of Carlyle be true, what will our readers say of the author of the following, which came *too late* for publication, even if there had been no other reasons for excluding it! The writer is discoursing upon “Female Beauty,” and launches out into this rich and high-flown panegyric. “The loveliness that dances upon the rippling water, that smiles in the clouds of a setting sun, or sports in the delicate shades of the rainbow, the serene elegance that is shadowed forth by a placid lake, reflecting a romantic landscape, that descends upon the soul from the azure of night spangled with glittering points, the joyous exhilaration that enraptures the heart when soft melody floats to the ear with extatic swellings, the power of the sweetest poetry thrilling the soul, and transporting it away from the material to commune with the spiritual, all, come short of the grace that moves in the female form of the calm celestial beauty that gleams from woman’s eyes, those mirrors of the soul—of the melody of her voice richer far than the *music of the spheres*, of the breathing angelic thoughts that rise from her heart, a Pæan of praise to her Maker more delicate than the warbling of nightingale’s. The silken ringlets, floating about the classic brow like rich drapery just drawn aside from the front of some marble shrine, are matched only by the lustre of those eyes which flash with the altar flame of love, or by those dimpling cheeks blooming with the *mellow tints of an Italian sky*, and lighted up by the heavenly smile that lingers on the lips like a bright sunbeam gleaming through a bower of roses.”

But we must forbear, though we dislike exceedingly to break in upon such rapturous strains. We will say however, to gratify the curiosity of our readers, that the whole is equally fervid with this brilliant extract.

Though it is all fine! very fine indeed! we humbly submit that the talents of the writer would have been better appreciated in the days of knight errantry. Such delicate sentiment is altogether too imaginative and ethereal for this matter-of-fact age. Even the fair beings themselves, who are the subject of the author’s ecstasy, will hardly venture to claim a likeness to such a glowing picture. We ad-

vise the writer to try again, and not to choose another time a subject so perfectly frail and delicate, that he will be afraid to touch it.—There have been very few communications for this number; from very obvious reasons however, for with the thermometer at 90°, and college politics still higher, we can hardly expect any to “court the muses,” much less “to delve in the mines of thought.” It is far more pleasant to sit beneath the shady elms, and in a sort of dreamy unconsciousness to conjure up such a paradise as the Moslem's, where are cooling fountains, and shady groves, and beautiful Houris to present the luscious wines or more agreeable ice creams. Yet there is one who has dared to forget the exciting scenes of College life, and even of the whole world—to rise above all, and to reason eloquently upon the unseen and intangible. Here is a specimen of his musings upon the comprehensive theme, “A birdseye view of the Universe.” “Our sun and those stars which astronomers call suns, are but large furnaces in which is burned up all the superfluous and constantly generated gas of the universe, and that which is pedantically called the ‘Galaxy’ would always be more properly styled the milky-way, for it is a vast collection of that substance out of which moons are made, though yet in a crude and unpressed state. Among all the popular errors, none is farther from the truth, than the supposition that comets are—like the other heavenly bodies—abodes of human beings, or even lost spirits. We laugh at such ridiculous vagaries, for comets are nothing more nor less than large brooms, made to sweep down the cobwebs in the unfrequented halls and back entries of creation. Philosophers have strangely erred in their speculations upon nebulous matter. A single glance, with the eye of such a mind as ours, will detect all their egregious fallacies. Nebulous matter is but a collection of the gas which suns consume, waiting to be set fire to by those shining existences which nightly troop in torch light procession about the polar star. But it would be preposterous to attempt a refutation of even a few of those ludicrous blunders which simple science has complacently fallen into. Suffice it then to say in this connection, that space is not so large as some folks apprehend, for the large blue curtain that hangs so smoothly over us, comprises the whole, and is only hung there to hide the nothingness beyond. Eternity works not—on the principle of the endless screw, as elaborate treatises have been written to prove, but on that of revolving, concentric circles, of which time is a small piece broken off and hurled to the earth.”

We would give our readers still more of this transcendental philosophy, but the manuscript here became so blotted and poorly written that it was impossible to transcribe it, and even the printer shook his head, when as a last resort, we asked him to unriddle it. There is enough however, to prove that science and research are yet in their merest infancy, and that those existences which seem entirely useless, are some of the most necessary implements in the *domestic* economy of nature. The writer's idea in regard to comets, we are convinced has existed long among men, for it accounts well for the anxiety always manifested, lest one of the huge sweepers should brush away our own earth, which we know is but “the small dust of the balance.” In fact, his manner of accounting for all the great mysteries of creation, is extremely simple, if not plausible, and we heartily commend it to the notice of all our great scientific men.

The author of the article entitled “Beranger” has written well, but his subject is not sufficiently interesting. We invite him to try again.—We have just received a short piece of poetry which shows some talent in versifying, though in the last

stanza the author has either intended the ludicrous, or has created it unintentionally. Which it is, we leave our readers to judge.

How bright, young girl, the flowers of life,
 Around thy path are growing,
 How meekly o'er thy merry brow,
 The gentle breeze is blowing!
 No vapors yet have dimmed thy sky,
 No brooding cloud of sorrow,
 And as to-day did greet thine eye,
 So fancy paints to-morrow.

Thus let it be! 'tis not for me,
 To break the spell that holds thee;
 Nor tear away the rainbow veil,
 With which thy hopes enfold thee.
 But rather pray that future years,
 May shake from out their pinions,
 Far lovelier plumes to grace thy brow,
 Than shine in hope's dominions.


Methinks I'd have thee always thus,
 So artless, so confiding;
 To see upon the stream of life,
 Its laughing bubbles gilding.
 For in ripper maidenhood,
 The eye may beam as tender,
 And blushing cheeks to whispered words,
 A sweet response may render.

Yet oh! to me more dear by far,
 Is childhood's dawn of graces:
 Than all the light that lovers find,
In full grown ladies' faces.
 For sighs will pass from ruby lips;
 And cheeks with anger whiten,
 But childhood's brow and childhood's eye,
 With truth must ever brighten.

THE UNKNOWN.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The "Jefferson Monument" and "Amherst Indicator" for this month, have not yet been received. We were highly pleased with the appearance of a new periodical entitled "The Light of Our Home," and edited by the ladies of the Fem. Seminary, at Elmira, N. Y. The pieces were as elegant and attractive, as was promised by the beautiful exterior of the Magazine. We wish the fair editresses the most perfect success, and also thank them for the notice they have bestowed upon our own Magazine. We feel flattered by their praises, and agree most perfectly with their criticisms.

 In the Obituary of the last number, page 329, for "mournful," read merciful.

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